Mr. Brooks and Miss Skillman to be Married Next Thursday-Mrs. Manice to Give a Reception This Afternoon-Mrs. Satterthwaite to Receive To-Morrow - A Theatre Party to See " The Begum."



N OUT of town ball that many New Yorkers will attend will be given by Mrs, Vail at Vail Court, Stamford, Conn., on the evening of Dec. 28, in honor of her daughter's birthday. The Ohio Society

British Legation, Mrs. Whitney were a gown made entirely of white crystal and pearl net-

ting over white silk. Mrs. A. M. White, of 2 Pierrepont place, Brooklyn, will give a reception this after-

The marriage of Mr Warren Ward Brooks and Miss Elizabeth Skillman, daughter of J. P. Skillman, will take place on Thursday,

A reception in honor of Mr. Samuel Insull will be given to morrow evening at the Nor-mandie by the Electric Club of Schenectady. The engagement of Mr. Harry Allen and Miss Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of Mrs. Irving Clark, of 127 East Thirtieth street, is

Mr. and Mrs. F. Norton Goddard, of 2 East Thirty-fifth street, will give a tea to-morrow

Mrs. Frederick W. Foote, of 47 West Nine-Mrs. Frederick W. Foote, of 47 West Nine-teenth street, will give a reception to-morrow afternoon from 4 until 6 o'clock to introduce her youngest daughter. Miss Florence Foote. Mr. E. F. C. Young, of Jersey City Heights, will give a dinner this evening to the Gov-ernor of New Jersey and other prominent people. Pinard will serve. A musical and literary entertainment will be given next Wednesday evening in aid of a prize fund at Vassar College as a memorial to Erminie A. Smith.

Erminie A. Smith.

Mrs. E. Ladow and her mother, Mrs.
Charles Wall, will give a reception on Dec.
15 at 3 East Sixty-seventh street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F De Navarro will remain
until the holidays at their cottage at Seabright. Dr. and Mrs. B. S. Blanchard, née Barnes,

after their extended wedding tour South and West, will receive their friends in their new

West, will receive their friends in their new home in this city.

The St. Nicholas Society will give their annual dinner at Delmonico's on Tuesday evening. A trumpeter will precede the procession into the dining-room.

Mrs. William De F. Manice, of 4 West Fortieth street, will give a reception this afternoon from 4 until 7 o'clock.

A large tea with music will be given tomorrow afternoon by Mrs, Van Volkenburgh, of 818 Madison avenue.

of 818 Madison avenue.

A reception and sale will be given at the Brunswick to-day, by the society known as

the Summer Rest.

The Friday Evening Dancing Class will meet this evening for the first time this season at Mrs. M. S. Whitney's, 11 East Twenty-sixth street.
The engagement of Dr. John Noble, of 258
West Twenty-fifth street, and Miss Gertrude
Pollard, of Brooklyn, is announced.
The Manhattan Athletic Club will give a

The Manhattan Athletic Club will give a musicale to morrow evening.

Mrs. J. Kilburn Hayward, of 28 West Thirty-eighth street, will be "at home" to-day from 3 to 5 o'clock.

Mrs. Freeman and Miss Grace Davis, of Warren, Pa., are visiting in this city and Brocklyn.

Mrs. Pierre M. Humbert, of 9 East Twenty-sixth street, will give a tea to-morrow after-poon.

Hubbard, of the British Navy.
Mrs. Henry E. Lawrence, of 57 East
Twenty-fifth street, will give a reception to-

A gay time is expected by the ladies of

A gay time is expected by the ladies of Orange at the Brick Church to-morrow afternoon and evening during the progress of their fair. Lander's band will play.

Mrs. Satterthwaite, of 175 Second avenue, will give a reception to-morrow.

A ball will be given to-morrow evening at the Pavilion Hotel, Staten Island, by the Ladies' Outdoor Club.

Mrs. A. G. Hodges, of 6 Gramercy park, will give a reception on Jan. 10.

A party of forty ladies and gentlemen will pay homage to Her Begunness at the Fifth Avenue Theatre next Monday. The party is to be given by Mrs. Dr. Cornelius J. Dumond, and includes Judge and Mrs. Gildersleeve, Mr. S. B. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Allen, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Van Sicklen, Miss Van Tassell, Miss Kate Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Kilmer, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Crane and Miss Minnie Norton. The programme includes the visit to the theatre and a subsequent supper at the Barrett House.

Carried Away Twice.

[From Harper's Basser.]
Judge-What excuse have you to offer for this violent pasault." Prisoner-I was carried away by an uncontrolla-

ble temper.

Judge—Well, I'll see that you are carried away
by the Sheriff.

PRELATES BOUND FOR ROME,

Archbishop Ryan and Bishop Ryan to Attend the Pope's Golden Jubilee.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, accom panied by Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, will go on board the steamship Servia this evening and sail to-morrow for Europe. The two prelates are not related at all despite the similarity of name. Archbishop Ryan has been the guest of Archbishop Corrigan since his arrival yesterday.

The Archbishop and Bishop Ryan are going to Rome to visit the Holy Father, in accordance with that spirit of canon law which obliges bishops similarity of name. Archbishop Ryan has

spirit of canon law which obliges bishops to pay periodical visits ad limina apostolorum, that they may report to the Pope on the affairs of their dioceses. They have timed their compliance with this law so as to be in the Eternal City for the golden jubilee, or fiftieth anniversary of Pope

niversary of Pope abchbishop syan. Lee's priesthood. Both prelates bear with them the offerings of their respective dioceses to the Holy Father. These contributions are unusually abundant

These contributions are unusually abundant this year, on account of the Pope's Jubilee. Dr. McDonnell, the Secretary of Archbishop Corrigan, has already presented the very liberal offering of the New York diocese.

The visiting prelates also bear with them several addresses. The felicitations of the New York diocese are exquisitely prepared, the title-page and the borders of every page being rare specimens of illuminated work, while on the calf binding are the Papal arms. The Dominican nuns of Newark excel in this art of illuminating, and their work can compare favorably with the missals and breviaries of mediaeval times.

Yesterday Archbishop Corrigan visited the De La Salle Institute of the Christian Brothers on Fifty-ninth street, accompanied by the

on Fifty-ninth street, accompanied by the visiting prelates. To-day Archbishop Ryan will spend in part with his sister, Mrs. Bowen, a resident of this city.

THE NORMAL COLLEGE FAIR.

Graduates Working Hard to Buy Their Alms Mater a Library.

The fancy fair of the Normal College Alumnse, which was opened in the ballroom of the Hotel Brunswick last evening, will be continued to-day and to-morrow. It is held for the purpose of supplying the Normal

for the purpose of supplying the Normal College with a good library.

The opening of the fair last evening was a gratifying success in every particular. Handsomely decorated booths lined the walls and occupied the centre of the large room. On them were displayed for sale all manner of useful and ornamental articles well suited for holiday uses. Each booth is presided over by a number of Normal College graduates.

A novel article at the fair was an autograph quilt, containing 1,470 pieces of white and turkey-red material, arranged in an elaborate pattern. In the central squares are the autographs of President and Mrs. Cleveland, all the members of the Cabinet, Gov. Hill and Mayor Hewitt. The quilt was made by seven young ladies. It will be sold at auction tomorrow evening.

Thriving Times in Manitoba.

(From the Montreal Trade Bulletin,)
Travellers for Montreal houses, who have lately returned from Mauitoba and the vast territories beyond speak in the most glowing terms of the marvellous expansion of frade there within the past marveilous expansion of frade there within the past twelve months. The last wheat harvest of Manitoba has exceeded the most sangoine expectations of the farmers themselves, the majority of whom have experienced much better results from their threshings than they had previously calculated on. A gentlemen, well posted in the grain trade, who recently arrived from Winniper, states that there is a growing belief that the Canadian Northwest will have an available surplus for export of between ten and eleven million bushels of wheat, instead of 1,000,000 bushels as at first estimated. Growers who at first placed their yield at 25 bushels per acre have threshed out 30 to 35 bushels, and in some instances 8s and 40 bushels per acre have threshed out 30 to 35 bushels, and in some instances 8s and 40 bushels is whilst an almost untracedented demand has been recorded for all offerings at good remunerative prices.

(Prom the Omaha World,)
Omaha Man (on railroad train)—No, I am not noon.

Quite an interesting engagement is the one recently announced of Commodore Theodore Wilson, U. S. N., and Miss Clara Selena Hubbard, daughter of the late Capt. William Hubbard, of the British Navy. anyhow—all play and no work.

Stranger—Weil, I do. I am a college graduate and I owe my present success to my collegiate training. I just tell you, football toughens a man up wonderfully. The knocking around I got in college was the making of me.

'Humph! What business are you in." ' I am a book agent.

Working for Humanity.

(From Judge.) lunch ?" asked a saloon-keeper of a seedy individual who had earen three-quarters of the lay-out. "See here! you let a man alone when he is doing something for the benefit of his fellow-men.
"I don't exactly un-lers and."
"On, you don't? Well, I've seen this here same lunch for a week, and I want the next man who comes in to have something fresh."

Don't miss it! The tragic story of Emile Zola's

When You Buy One Ounce

RIKEB'S AMERICAN SACHET POWDER

NIKEN'S AMERICAN SACHET POWDER
you have got as good as a POUND of ANY OTHER. Don't
lorget this fact, and you will not say, a week or so after
you have made up your "monotohr" cases, &o.: "Good
Lord! these is NO SMELL to it at all." What you will
say its: Isn't it lorely?" "How sweet!" &c. Insist
on having RIEKE'S SACHET POWDER AND PERFUMES in
the original package. Do not allow any one to persuade
you otherwise. Sold by almost all designs throughout the
United States. If any druggist refuses to supply you, you
can be sure of getting what you ask for at the dry-goods
houses and general stores or direct from WM. B. HIEER
& BON, druggists and perfumers, established 1840, at
303 Sixth ave., New York. "." insists upon remaining I shall equally insist

THOROUGH FAITH. insists upon remaining I shall equally insist upon knowing wherefore."

"Do you not think," said Mrs. Mavlie, "that it would be a clever way out of the difficulty if we weighed anchor one evening when we were all on board, and so get her away from this place without her consent?"

"Certainly not," said the General. "She is a lady and I am a gentleman, and I will have no fraud practised upon her. I am astonished that a lady, such as you, could have proposed any such underhanded performance." [Concluded from Thursday evening.] PART IL.-THE PLOT. CANNOT imagine,

said Gen. Dorbigny, why Ella is so deter-

mined to remain at

Gibraltar. Here is the

winter slipping away,

and we have not once

formance,"
"The fact is," said Mrs. Maylie, "that I very much wish to see the yacht well out of Gibraltar waters."

and we have not once weighed anchor."

"It is very strange," said Mrs. Maylie, in an odd voice, "for when we started she was completely overjoyed at the chance of seeing many different places."

"It cannot be Harford, to me indirectly that he personally would like at once to leave this place for Malta."

"She unquestionably has some reason for remaining here," said Mrs. Maylie, in an embarrassed voice; "and I do sincerely wish we were at sea again."

"Do you not think that she goes about too much by herself, Mrs. Maylie?"

"Yes, Gen. Dorbigny, she does; but, on the other hand, remember you have encouraged her in this view, and now you pay the consequences."

"I am determined," said the General, "that we will leave this place within a fortinght. I, her father; you, her chaperone; said, above all, Harford, to whom she is engaged, wish to leave Hibrsiter; and if she when suddenly—it was after a visit to the said, above all, Harford, to whom she is engaged, wish to leave Hibrsiter; and if she when suddenly—it was after a visit to the surface."

"The fact is, "said it wery meth with well wish to see the yacht well out of Gibraltar waters."

"You seem very earnest about the matter."

"No, Gen. Dorbigny,"

The General bowed.

"I shall inform her that she is easuing me much annoyance by her determination to remain here at Gibraltar, where we have been now more than two months."

"I sincerely hope that she will listen to reason, said Mrs. Maylie, in an embarrassed voice; "and I do sincerely wish the was conversation took place on the General's yacht; and from various incidental remarks the reader will have gathered that considerable changes had taken place between that date and the night of the ball.

In fact, Mr. Preston and Hiss Dorbigny had become smitten with one another, and as there was no earthly reason why they should not become engaged, and every possible reason for their becoming man and wife, Gen. Dorbigny was gratified by learning that his daughter was to marry his old friend's son and heir.

The engagement

SPORTS OF TRACK AND RING.

LADIES TO BE ENTERTAINED AT THE TWO

RIG ATHLETIC CLUBS. The New York Athletic Club's Fine Quar ters-Handball Coming into Fashiondilbert tiets a Pair of Twenty-Inch Ice Skates-Jem Carney Soon to Return to



The New York Athletic Club will open its doors to the fair Daughter of a Knight of Labor. noon, and the Man-

an institution. The Manhattan boys will entertain their gentle visitors with a musical entertainment, but the New Yorks will give them something they can't see every day in the way of a gymnastic performance. The doors of the big club-house will be wide open all day on Saturday, and the bright-eyed guests will have a fine bright-eyed guests will have a fine chance to take in all its wonders. The first thing that will excite their interest on entering is the splendid decorating of the place. This was not done till after the place had been occupied for nearly a year, but when it was taken up the clever artists made up for lost time. On the first floor, too, is a collection of the championship medals members of the club won this year in a neat glass case. Upstairs are the fine parlors, dining and billiard and pool rooms and a profuse display of athletic pictures and statuary. The exhibition will take place in the gymnasium, which occupies the fourth and fifth floors.

The handball excitement is striking everywhere. A match is now proposed, best eleven in twenty-one games, between Jim Dunne, the Brooklyn ex-pugilist, and Lawlor, the champion of Ireland. Barney McQuade wants to play the winner.

That Carney benefit the other night, as well That Carney benefit the other night, as well as being the best managed affair of the kind seen in years, was without doubt the quietest. One well-known sporting reporter who seldom gets left, didn't hear of it till the last minute, and then only got to it by chancing across Arthur Chambers in the street. Charlie Norton, the famous ex-champion of light weights, now of Newark, and Jim Dawson, the well-known Philadelphia promoter of foot handicaps, came to this city, but got left.

How the Jersey City Athletic Club proposes to make money enough out of unan-nounced boxing exhibitions to build a cinder path next season is a puzzle. The settos the other night were not patronized all because nobody knew anything about them.

G. Y. Gilbert, the well-known New York Athletic Club runner, has just had a pair of 20-inch ice skates made for him. These are about the longest on record. He has sent them over to Jersey for H. M. Banks, jr., to experiment with on the first sheet of frozen water.

So much fault was found with the highly alloyed medals the Twelfth Regiment dispensed last winter that the secretary has sent cards to all the athletes 'limt the present lot are solid gold. A well-known athlete yesterday said he'd sooner take somebody's word for it than look for proof.

sails for England, in about three weeks, from this port.

Mr. Pomeroy, the New York Athletic Club representative, has gone to Washington to confer with Mr. Perry, of the Columbia Ath-letic Club, of Washington, and Mr. Wallace, of the Schulkill Navy Athletic Club, in regard to the constitution and by-laws of the new amateur athletic organization. Another meeting will be held in a month, and the matters will be finally adjusted.

Work is going steadily forward on Sedge-mere, the new acquisition of the New York Athletic Club in the Sound.

Fish. Bolled Hallbut, Egg Sauce. ROAST.

Beef or Oyster Pie.

Mashed Potato.
Chiccory Salad. DESSERT. Lemon Pic.

THE WORLD

To one and all we say use ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH

acht by Dona Dolores Fuentes-Miss Doryacht by Dona Dolores Fuentes—Miss Dor-bigny insisted upon remaining at Gibraltar, and a very strange change took place in her. For instance, her manner completely changed towards Harford. She did not say she loved him less, but there was a strange indecision about her. Frequently she would leave the yacht, and be away from the vessel for a couple of hours.

hours. Once Mrs. Maylie, committing the meanness of following her, to her immense dis-may, she found that she met—her brother, Capt. Albert Gillham, and that they went away together towards an obscure part of the

What could she do? Suspicion appeared What could she know that her brother inevitable; yet she knew that her brother was a perfectly honorable man; her charge, a perfectly pure and noble girl. Again Ella had only to wish to break off the engagement, and it would have been done. She was absolute with the state of the state of

lute mistress of her actions.

As for Harford Preston, his love-and devo-

As for Harford Preston, his love-and devotion to Ella were courtly in the extreme.

Once, and only once, the General had
spoken to him concerning Ella's strange absences; when he replied haughtily, to the
effect that Ella was perfect mistress of her
own actions, and that, for his part, he could
not dream of controlling her actions, or even
hinting that they were dissatisfactory.

"But, my dear Preston," stuttered the
General, absolutely blushing under this rebuke, "I know the kind of stuff of which
such men as you are made. You measure the
trust you repose in others by the measure of
your resentiment when you find that your
trust has been outraged. I love my daughter dearly, and believe firmly that she is as
pure-thoughted as woman can be, but her
conduct should be above all possible chance
of suspicion."

of suspicion."
"My love," said Harford Preston, "is a love of thorough faith, and it will never alter. Nothing could change it; no suspi-cious fact could induce me to change my faith."

That same night Dona Fuentes paid a visit

LOVE'S IMPORTUNITY.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER. You'll marry me, darling. Full soon, will you tot? I've laid out the garden And finished the cot.

I've built one bright room, love, That looks toward the West, That you, on, my sweetheart, May call your own nest. Then name the day early,
For time's on the wing—
The sexton is waiting
The joy-bells to ring.

CHAPTER L

To love and be beloved Is the one grand dream of a maiden's life. F. N. Chowon.

tion, and then—
"I hope you are not hurt," said a deep, musical
voice. "Those ion-covered steps are treacherous.
I am so fortunate as to have saved you from an
ugly fail."

You'll marry me, darling, Full soon, will you not? And reign as my bride in our dear little cot? ADIES who like to see the inside workings of athletic clubs will have two good op-portunities shortly. Ionie, the Pride of the Mill; will have two good op-

hattan Athletic will A THRILLING LOVE STORY. give the sisters. mothers and admired To love and be beloved
Is the one grand dream of a maiden's life.

F. N. Obover.

It was on the 10tu of January, and intensely cold in New York City. I am particular as to the date, for it marked the bitterest tragedy that ever darkened a beautiful young girl's lite.

On this bitter cold morning, burrying along with the crowd that surged up Broadway, was Ionie Lawrence, a young girl, who, despite her shabby attire, was rarely beautiful.

She was not more than seventeeu, but she had the grace of a dainty young princess, though she was but a working girl—the daughter of a Knight of Labor.

Ionie had been the bride and darling of her father's heart. Six months before our story opens he had pass d away, joining the wife of his youth, who had been dead several years, leaving two daughters behind him.

On his death-bed he had called Barbara, his eldest daughter, to his bedside, and drawing her face down to his own, he whispered:

'You are three-sud-twenty, Barbara, and lonie is but seventeen. I leave her to your care. You must be both mother and sister to her, she is so young. She will be more beautiful than it seldom falls to the lot of women to be, and great beauty in a young and unprotected girl brings with it either a blessing or a curse. I could not read in my grave if harm befell her. Guard our treasure well, Barbara."

'I will, father," said the weeping girl. 'You may safely leave Ionie to me."

Barbara had kept her promise well. She had taken up the thread of life when her father nad laid it down and sought work in an adjacent mill; but Ionie was kept at school.

Then a sudden change came. Barbara was stricken ill.

'On, my darling!" Barbara moaned, 'what shali we do now? I—I dare not look the future in the face. The money we have laid ty will soon be run through with."

'Do not fear, dear," cried beautiful, brave lonie. 'We shall not starve. I can take your place in the mill."

At its Barbara had kinsed her darling good-bye with a wistini sigh.

More than one pair of eyes turned to gaze admiringly affects he ones of its members a like privilege on Wednesday, Dec. 8. These Ladies' Days have got to be quite

Jem Carney went to Boston last night, where he will take a farewell benefit. He will visit Arthur Chambers and Jimmy Mitchell in Philadelphia before he finally

tion into the lovely, girlish face; for Frank Lyons had promised almasif that he should see this pretty joung girl a. ain, at whatever cost.

As the gentleman turned away, Ionic hurried on to the office. Upon making known her errand, she was sent to the foreman, who had charge of those affairs. At a meeting of the Games Committee of the New York Athletic Club this afternoon a number of important subjects regarding the winter's entertainments will come up. airs. A few minutes later, pale as death, she emerged A few minutes later, pale as death, saw emerging the street.

"Father," she cried, below her breath, raising her eyes to the storm-swept sky, "can you understand your poor lonie's terriole woe? Ah me! ah me! how can I return to Barbara, lying sick unto death this biter coid winter day, and tell her they refused to take me in her place? On ! what shall I do? Oh, Heaven help me! Where shall I turn? I shall not go back to Barbara until! I have found some place."

"The World's" Dollar Dinner for Four. Contributed Daily to

by One of the Best Known City Chefs. At to-day's market prices the material for this dinner can be purchased for \$1.

to the yacht, and at a convenient opportunity she whispered to Harford: "You are be-

some place."

It so happened that for some little time after Arthur Rochester had entered the mill in company with his friend, it did not occur to him as to the lovely young girl's object in coming there on that bitter cold morning.

she whispered to Harford: "You are be trayed!"
"By whom?" he asked.
"Ella."
"You are mad, Dona!"
"No: she loves Capt. Gillham."
"Pardon me; I do not believe you."
"I can prove it."
"Pardon me; I have no need of proof."
"But would you remain wilfully blind?"
"Yes."

"Yes."

"Madman!" she said. "Go to the Fenice Opera to-night, and you will see him there in a box alone. You will find that he is waiting for some one, and that, now and again, he will inhale perfume from the silver fligree will inhale perfume from the silver filigree cassolette you gave her, and which she had

"At dinner to-day she will say that she is going to visit Mrs. Fraybore, the lady with whom she has recently become acquainted, and she will meet Capt, Gillham at the theatre." "To all which I reply that she has quite a

right to do as she likes."

It came to pass as the woman had said.
At dinner that evening, on board the yacht, she said, "Papa, dear, after dinner I wish to visit Mrs. Fraybore, if you will allow me to do

"Yery well," said the General. "Shall Harford go with you?" "No, thank you, Harford," she said, smilingly, "I want to go by myself. Paps," she added, a little oddly, "I think I shall have some wonderful news for you before "Indeed! What about?"

'Ha! That is my secret !"

There was silence.

That is my secret:

That same evening poor Harford, despite his perfect love, went to the theatre. He saw the Captain dallying with the perfuned cassolette, saw him looking about the house and finally marked a veiled lady enter the box and sit down with him.

defined, thrilled in the young man's heart. An office boy was hurriedly despatched to overtake the slim figure hurrying down the street, almost lost to eight by the hilling storm, and lonke was recalled and given her sister's place in the mill.

All that day thoughts of presty lonke filled two different mascalines hearts. Arihur Rochester, who had been heatily summoded from the city by a telegram, thought of lonke as the train whirled him on his journey. His friend, Frank Lyons, had thought of nothing else.

At length 6 o'clock sounded shrilly from the clocks

gram, thought of lonie as the train whirled him on his journey. His friend, Frank Lyons, had thought of nothing else.

At length 6 o'clock sounded shrilly from the clocks and adjoining beirries, and a lew moments later throngs of nimble-footed lassies emerged from the broad entrance description of the Nothingham Muls for battle-with the storm and the darkness as they made their way to the elevated roads and street cars, anxious to get to their nones.

Lonie could not afford the expensive luxury of fluing, so she made her way alone on joot.

Suddenly she neard the sound of steigh belts and a few moments later a sleigh dashed up the street, and when it was abreast of lonie to her surprise it stopped snort. How was she to know that its occapant had purposely followed er from the mill?

Gianching up, she saw by the yellow gleam of the street lamp hie dark, handsome face of the street lamp hie dark, handsome face of the strenger whom she had met that morning with Mr. Housester.

"If you are going my way," he called out, pleasantly, as he raised his had to her, "won't you let me persuade you to fide? Walking is among the impossibilities. I hope you recognize me; I am your employer's friend. He did not introduce me to you; he best knows why. Let me introduce me to you; he best knows why. Let me introduce my seli; I am Frank Lyons, his college chum, from Philadelphia;" adding: "And you are?"

"Ion's lawrence," the girl answer d, timidly, a lovely flush covering her sby, sweet face.

"Do allow me to insist upon taking you home, Miss Lawrence," he pleaded. "You can see for yourself you will never be able to make your way there on foot."

Ionie was a little delighted, a little bewildered and just a little triphened.

With girlish, bashful hestlancy she allowed herself to be persuaded and placed in the sleigh. Frank Lyons took up the reins, and the horse fairly flew

With girlish, bashful hesitancy she allowed herself to be persuaded and placed in the sieigh. Frank Lyons took up the reins, and the horse fairly flew over the frozen snow.

Frank Lyons was a clever man, quick of comprehension: he had the great gift of understanding character and of adapting himself to the people into whose company he was thrown. He misused the gift terribly, even fatally; but he had it and used it like a charm.

Listening to him, loade believed him to be the brightest, kindilest, truest man upon earth.

The drive home had been of scarcely twenty minutes' duration, but it seemed to lonie she had lived long ages during that time in another world.

"Ahl here is the number," he said at length, stepping short before her humble home.

He was satisfied with the impression he had made when he had her start back and exclaim, in wonder:

onder: "• Have we indeed reached my home so soon?"

He helped her to alight with as much courtly grace as though she had been a princess instead of a poor little working girl, and expressed the hope, very earnestly, that he might see her again some time.
The next instant the slim little figure was lost to

The next instant the sim little under was loss, sight in the darkness.

"You are late, my darling," said Barbara, as the door opened and lonie surang into the room and up to the couch on which the sufferer lay.

"Has it neen a hard day, dear?" she asked.

"It must have been," she added, "for it was your first day as a brea, "winner, facing the cold, hard world of men and women." Brst day as a brea. winner, facing the cold, hard world of men and women."

"It was the happiest day of my life, Barbara," Inlie answered. "Every one was so kind to me."

Then she told her now near the foreman had come not to taking her into the mil, but had changed his mind; and of the section to me suppers steps which would have happened if young Mr. Rochester had not been near at hand.

"God bless Mr. Arthur!" returned Barbara.

"He is as noble as he is good—a king among men."

men."

Ionie met tue invalid with a strangely flushed face the next morning. The first secret she had ever kept from Barbara 1ay like a heavy weight in her heart. She had told her nothing about Frank

ingy after the slim, girlish figure, but louis Lawrence paid so heed.

Turning furriedly off Broadway and crossing
Canal after she paused at length before a large
brick structure which bore above the broad entrance door the sign:

ROCHESTER & LELAND,

NOTTINGHAM LACE MILLS,

'This is the piace," neuroured Ionie, her heart
in a flutter as ane ascended the steps, nervously,
that led to the office. 'Oh, they will, they must
take me in Barbara's place when I tell them she has
failen ill and that I—'

The sentence was never finished. All in an in-Lyons, 'I will tell her that I know him when I come "I will tell her that I know him when I come home to-night," she thought, tenderly kissing the pallid face as she bade her good-bye.

It was long after dark when I noile returned home that evening. A sudden chill seemed to oppress her as she opened the door. The fire in the grate was out—the room was in total darkness, save for a little strip of mosellight that drifted in.

No welcome voice greeted her. Was Barbara asieen?

Noiselessily she stole up to the couch and knelt down beside it. The sentence was never finished. All in an in-stant Ionic was conscious of a swift, dizzy sensa-tion, and then...

Noiselessiy she stole up to the couch and knew down beside it.

"Barbara," she said, softly: "I have something to teil you, dear. It has been weighing on my mind all day long. You won't scold me for not teiling you last night, will you, Barbara? Promise me in advance."

The thin, patient face did not turn towards her.

"Do you hear me, Barbara?" she cried, laying her face down beside the one turned from her on the nillow.

i am so fortunate as to have saved you from an ugly fail."

Ionie struggled out of a pair of masculine arms, and, raising her bewildered eyes, asw a tall, fair-haired gentleman standing before her. He and a gentleman friend had but a moment since alignted from a sleigh that had dashed up to the pavement.

'I shocerely trust you are not nurt," he repeated, looking earnestly at the lovely young face flushing and pallur in evident embarrassment, as ahe murmured she was "not hurt, only stunned."

'You can go into the office through the private door if you like. These siens are such a sheet of ice, they are actually dangeroun."

He drew a card from his card-case, and handing the her, Ionie read the name— "ARTHUR ROCKESTER." the pillow.

What was there in that ley touch that sent such a thrill of horror through the girl's heart? With a low, startied cry, lonie gazed down into the rigid face lying so still and white within the little sirly of white moonlight. The half-open glazed eyes flashed no look of recognition up into her own.

Then a piercing shrick rang through the lonely room:

Then a piercing shriek rang through the lonely room:

"Oh, God! Burbara is dead!"
Yes, she was dead, leaving Ione, her darling, her idol, friendless and alone, to the mercies of the bitter world.

Ioule's wild cries brought in a kind-hearted neighbor, who found her in a deep swoon on the floor.

It was several weeks before Ionie was able to take up the thread of life again, and in the face of another terrible snow-atorm she set out, heavy-hearted, for the mill once more.

There had been important alterations of the left wall of the factory going on for a few days past, and for that reason the girls flat been transferred to the fourth floor of the building.

It was noon, and for a brief hour the vast building seemed almost deserted.

Jonie sat apart from her companions, having finished her scanly repast, her curiy head bent low over a book.

Suddenly there was a low, hoarse rembling like the sound of distant thunder. But lonie was so TER."
"Are you, sir, one of the owners of the mill?"
asked Ionie, with timid eagerness.
"I am the son of the senior member of the firm," Then her eves involuntarily travelled toward his companion; and she saw a dark, handsome face that usually won women's hearts at the first glance, a pair of dark, laughing eyes that met her own, and seemed to hold her spell-bound by their own, and seemed to hold her specification of the magic power.

Poor, beautiful lonie! She might have led a happy enough life it her path had not been crossed by this mandsome young msn.

Although Arthur Rochester had made himself known to her, he did not offer to introduce his companion, Ionie noticed, but hurried him quickly

away.

But not before the darkly splendid eyes had flashed another glance full of unbounded admirathe sound of distant thunder. But lonie w.

deeply engrossed in her book she did not hear.
''li's an earthquake!" cried one.
''No, no; the new wall is caving in!" cried another.

Aud, too terrified to even scream, they fairly And, too terrified to even scream, they fairly few down the nearest sairway to the street.

There was another dull rumbing, followed by a terriffic crash, that brought out all the bookkepers, pale as death, to the pavement, but not an instant too soon. The stone wall fell in like the report of a hundred cannon, carrying the greater portion of the roof with it, and crashing down like a mighty cyclone.

"Thank God, the building is empty!" eried a dozen vices, but they heard a wild scream, and some one pointed upward. Simultaneously the vast throng raised their eyes and beheld the figure of a young girl clinging to the shaking timbers of

vast throng raised their eyes and beheld the figure of a young girl clinging to the shaking timbers of the commost floor.

Terror and despair were written upon every feature of the beautiful, children face turned toward them, but the vast crowd stood by as if petrified, unable to act or move.

Besides, they saw, to their borror, one of the great wheels of the machinery, just above her head, revolving with lightning-like rapidity, and which must soon give way.

Even the spiral iron stairway—the only means of reaching the poor girl—swayed to and fro on its

bitter cold morning.

"It must be she is in search of work," he argued with himself, gazing thoughtfully into the fire.

"Traverse, the foreman, will be sure to send her away," he mused, "for he was speaking only yesterday of the advisability of discharging some of the bands, for work is slack now. I must intercede in this young girl's behalf."
Hurrying to the office, Arthur Rochester called for the foreman, and found his surmise had been quite correct; the girl had come in search of work, and he found, to his dismay, that she had been alrealy sent away.

A strange regret that he could scarcely have reaching the poor piri—swayed to and fro on its fastenings, awaiting but another avalanche of stones to send it whirling down with the rest of the wreck. No man dared frust his weight upon it.

The crowd below saw this and realized it. Strong men turned away with house, shuddering cries. Women fainted outright, their bitter cries min-

They then fell into deep and lasting con-

They then fell into deep and lasting conversation.

"I suppose that it has something to do with Elia's secret," he thought, and he went back to the yacht as free from jealousy as an an angel from all thoughts of worldliners.

Next morning Senora Fuentes again paid a visit to the yacht and once more she seized an occasion to speak quietly to Harford.

"You went to the theatre, and watched her," she said. "You were jealous."

"No; I went to see if I could be of any service to her."

"Ther you will be jealous to night."

"How will that come to pass?"

"You know that no respectable woman goes to the masked balls during this carnival time. She will again state to night that she is going to visit Mrs. Fraybore, and she will actually go to the masquerade in the very dress in which you first saw her."

"I will go to meet her," he said, calmly. "She may require some help."

The senora whispered, "If you would have her killed, I know where a hired assas-The senora whispered, "If you would have her killed, I know where a hired assassin can be found;"
"No: I would rather save her than kill

her."

It fell out, as the Anglo-Spanish woman, Dona Fuentes, had said.

Again she left the yacht in the evening, again saying she was about to visit Mrs. Fraybore; and, after a time. Harford Preston, still perfectly faithful and trusting in his love, was watching her at the opera-house carnival bal masque—watching her not jeal-ously, but to protect her if she needed protection.

He saw her meet Capt, Gillham, whom he detected, even underneath the mask he wore; he saw them leave the theatre together; but never—never for one moment was his perfect

never—never for one moment was his perfect faith in his love shaken.

- He followed, to watch over her. Once out-side, some one touched him on the arm. It was Dona Fuentes, who was accompanied

by a masked man.
"Harford," she said, "I am more careful
of your honor than you are yourself. Look at

gling with the hourse rumble that shook again through the doomed wall.

Looking down at the surging mass of horrified faces loale saw but one face—the face of Frank Lyons—and to him, in that vital moment of her life or death, she looked for help. But he shrank

back.

No! no!" he panted, hoarsely, to himself. "I could never risk my life to save hers. It is not to be thought of."
"Back! Give me room!" cried a clarion voice is

be thought of."

"Back! Give me room!" cried a clarion voice in the crowd.

A young man who had just appeared on the scene took in the situation at a glance.

"Back!" he commanded, in a voice like a bugle blast; and the "rowd parted.

In a flash he had spring up the swaying spiral stairway to the girl's rescue.

"Oh, God!" was the cry of a hundred voices in the crowd, "It is Mr. Arthur Rochester!"

"Come back! Come back!" they cried, in terror. "It means death. Better one should die than two."

But he heeded them not. Up, up the swaying stairs he sprang, his face blanched when he saw the horrible wheel; but he pushed onward.

"Ionie!" he called. "My poor girl, can you hear me and understand? I have come to save you, or die with you."

[To BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.]

the and indus."
[TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.]

A Horned Hen that Weighs 230 Pounds.

Walter Lewellin, of Durham, N. C., has the reatest curiosity of the county in the shape of a Dominique hen which possesses on each side of the head a horn, curied up like a ram's. A few the head a horn, curled up like a ram's. A few days ago the hen, waich weighs 220 pounds, at-acked a vainable horse and gored it so terribly that the animal had to be killed. It has also caused the death of a number of calves and pigs in the same manner. It laughs very naturally and metrily when it gets a pig into a tight blace and commences to mail it, but is kind to children and delights in trotting them off to school on its back. This information we get principally from a Palladeip is paper, which makes mention of the hen and her acridentally overlooked or for some other reason neglected to mention. In referring to such matters it is always best to let the reading public have the whole truth and not simply a brief and garbied statement, which may be productive of misleading inferences.

(From the St. Paul Globe.)
'Are you the same cashier that was here last year?" asked a man who looked like a mechanic of Cashier Sidell, at the First National Bank the other day. The answer being in the affirmative, the man quictly laid down two \$5 gold pleese, saying: "You overpaid me \$10 last year. I have always wanted to return it, but have never been sibe to spare the money. Do you want the interest on it?" The cashier, who had never discovered his mistake, gasped out, "No," at this unusual display of honesty, and the stranger left the bank without any further explanation.

She Was Ashamed of Him.

'! Mr. Wipedunks, "said Mrs. Wipedunks, indignantly, '' you ought to be assumed to take such an interest in a brut-i rrize-fight. Think of the example you are setting the children." And the good lady resumed with breathess and horrified excitement her perusal of the account of the great

To Open Congress. [From the Pittsburg Chronicle.]
"I see that Washington City dealers are laying

in large quantities of corkscrews," remarked Mrs. Snagga. "What do you suppose they are for?"
"Oh," replied Snaggs, "they are getting ready
to open Congress." To be Met at the Hetels. Capt. L. A. Lyle, U.S.A., is at the Murray Hill

At the Barrett is W. R. Dow, a prominent Rut-land banker.

B. C. Truman, of San Francisco, has a room at the Startevant. the Sturtevant.

Gen. Thov. L. Crittenden to-day wrote his name on the Union Square's register.

J. Philips Scott, the well-known brewer of Montreal, seeks rest at the Brunswick.

Mr. and Mrs. Edert Ployd-Jones, of this city, are staying for a few days at the Park Avenue. The Grand's register shows the names of Thos. H. Rees, U. S. A., and Rear-Admiral Simpson, U. S. N.

U. B. N.

J. H. Leyson, the Montana miner, and George Anderson, from Madras, India, are now staying at the Victoria Hotel.

Among other guests at the Brunswick is William H. Stevenson, General Manager of the New York and New Haven Hailroad. and New Haven Ballroad.

Miss J. E. Ames, one of the largest buyers for Marshall. Field & Co., of Chicago, will spend a week at the Murray Hill.

Banker John Gardner, of Norwalk, O., arrived to-day at the Windsor, and Col. Frederick P. Train, of Boston, registered at the same hotel.

The Sturtevant's register shows these names: Lieut, Lucian Flyune, U. S. N.; Cast. E. K. Webster, U. S. A., and Capt. C. M. Callahan, U. S. A. Among those now registered at the Albemarke are John M. Robinson, of Baltimore, and Wm. C. McIntyre, one of Washington's experts in patents. Col. Clayton MacMichael, of Philadelphia; F. R. Lingham, the shipper of many cattle to England, and E. R. Vrall, of Troy, are recent arrivals at the Victoria.

John M. Francis, formerly United States Minister to Austria, and George A. Mercer, the Savannah lawy-r, new arguing the Virginia bond case before the Supreme Court, are at the Glisey House. The St. James saciters Paymaster A. J. Clark, U. S. N.; Congressman John E. Russell, of Mas-sachusetts; Charles Gould, ex-Collector at Buf-falo, and D. B. Watson, counsel for the Pennsyl-vania Railroad.

DUFFY'S FORMULA.

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Whiskey, and it stimulates the energies and builds up issues as no other scientific discovery has ever done. "I am a Presbyterian clergyman and a Doctor of Di vinity, but I am not afraid to recommend Duffy's Malt Whiskey and Duffy's Formula as the purest and most efficient preparation as a medicine I know of, and my ex perience is a large one."

REV. B. MILLS,

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Price, \$1 per battle. THE DUFFY MALT WHISKEY CO. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

this man. For a handful of gold pieces which I have paid him he is ready to kill her which I have paid him he is ready to kill her if you bid him."
Harford trembled.
"Why should you kill her?" he said. "I love her with all the force of my life."
"Malediction!" cried Dolores: "you are past hope. Listen. I love you! Had you plotted with me to kill her I would have forced you to marry me or I would have betrayed you. But she shall not triumph over you, and I take pity on you thus."
Then, turning to her companion, she said in Spanish to the man; "There is your vietim—kill him!"

'm- kill him !"
The man advanced, but the light was full pon Harford's face. He hesitated and cried, "Faccia del'an-

gelo.'"
Then he turned and fied.
As for Harford, he rapidly followed Ella and her companion.

He saw them enter a poor house and he followed. He saw them enter a poor room. He stood outside. His faith and love were not even

the saw them enter a poor room. He stood outside. His faith and love were not even shaken at that moment.

Then he heard her gentle voice say: "Why have I come here? why have I found you? and why do I speak to you in English? Because you are my dear mother?"

Honest Harford Preston was on his knees; grateful that he had never been suspicious; grateful that his love had been so perfect.

He had heard that Gen. Dorbigny had been separated from his wife nineteen years previously, and upon very slight provocation, if any, from his wife. He knew that she was partially Spanish, and in a moment his honest heart told him what had occurred.

Elia had discovered that her mother still lived in Gibraltar. She dared not trust her father or her lover with her secret; and rightly guessing Caut. Gillham's honesty, she had sought his help to find the abandoned lady.

The dowager, whose words opened this tale,

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Get THE WORLD to-morrow evening and read Jules Hoche's love story, werer before printed in America—a leaf from the tife of the great French constist Finite Zolo.

may fitly close it. Writing home to an English frieud, she said, in the course of her letter, "A strange thing has occurred here, A Gen. Dorbigny came yachting here, accompanied by an only daughter. She became engaged to one Mr. Harford Preston, whom one Dona Fuentes wished to marry. It appears that Gen. Dorbigny had been separated from his wife for many years, entirely owing to a slander on the part of this very Dolores. It would appear that, in her endeavors to separate the couple she tried to make Mr. Preston jealous, by proving that Ella Dorbigny was seen about the town with one Captain Gillham. Now this was entirely owing to his having anonymously given information to Ella that her mother was still alive, in poor circumstances and living in

owing to his having anonymously given information to Ella that her mother was still alive, in poor circumstances and living in Gibraltar.

"Yet she could not evoke Howard Presson's jealousy. But the great fun of the thing is this. The wretched woman had for her confederate Lord Maskerleigh, who was as desperately determined to marry Ella as Dora Fuentes endeavored to possess herself of Mr. Preston. And now that the whole scheme has burst, they have married, so that one shall not betray the other; because of course you know that a husband or wife cannot give evidence one against the other. Poor creatures, I wonder which will worry the other into the grave. But is it not odd that this attempt to wreck the happiness of two people should have restored Gen. Dorbigny to his wife?

"They have all left in the yacht, the General and his wife, and Ella, and Harford. Mrs. Maylie stays here to mind her brother, Capt. Gillham, who is ill with a fever which is not at all dangerous.

"We hear that the marriage will take place at Malta. I am sure they will be happy, for he is one of the most trusting of English gentlemen; and she seems to be a noble-hearted girl. They not only love, but better still—they respect each other."

Read THE WORLD Saturday evening for the

pathetic story of Emils Sola's first love